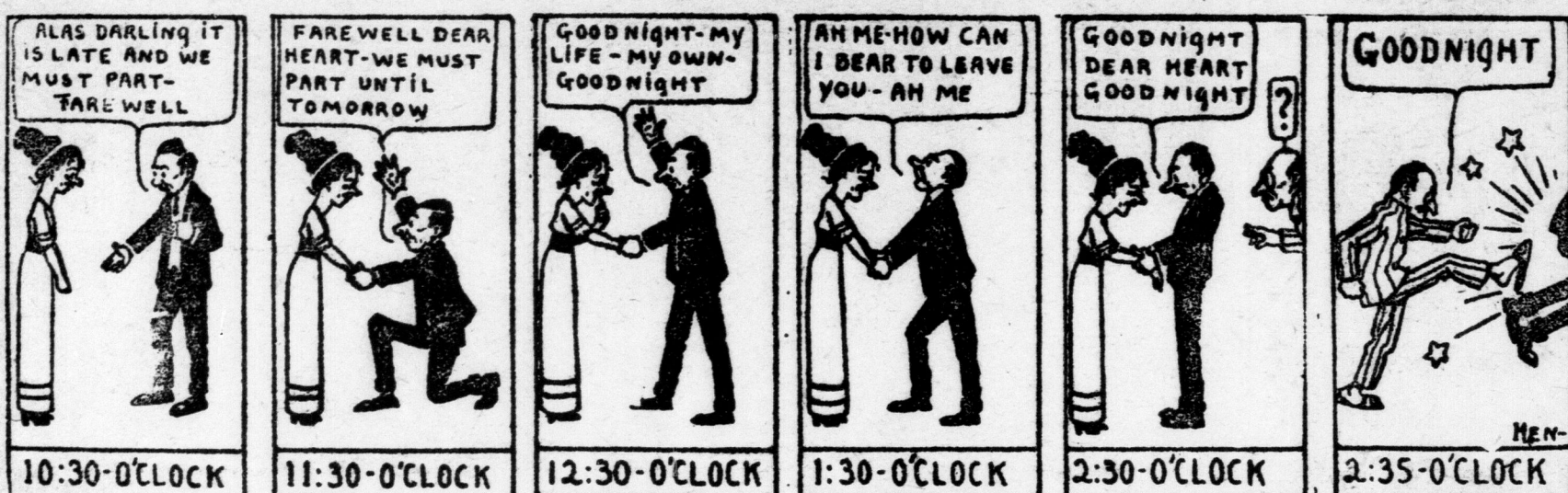


## A STERN FAREWELL



## Talmage's Autobiography Ten Years After Death

[From the London Daily News and Leader.]

"T. De Witt Talmage as I Knew Him." By T. De Witt Talmage. John Murray, 12s net.

It is not quite clear why the publication of Dr. Talmage's autobiography has been postponed till ten years after his death. He appears to have left the material in good order, and his widow has only had to add an appendix dealing with the last four years of his life. Perhaps there is on the whole as much gain as loss in the delay, for the preacher's judgments on current events are of more interest now that those events have become fixed in history than when they were merely the subject of contemporary talk. Of such judgments the book is full, for Talmage's ideas of an autobiography was singularly broad. He writes a good deal about himself, it is true, but remarkably little about his immediate circle, so little, indeed, that mention of his first wife, the mother of his two children, is confined to a footnote added by his widow. His life story is really a diary that forms a running commentary on the movements of the social and religious life of his time. Talmage was an American through and through, and in the twenty-five years he held the pastorate of Brooklyn Tabernacle he became—use a phrase that would have gratified him—almost a national institution.

Theologically, of course, he was an extreme conservative. "There came on us a plague called Higher Criticism," he writes of a doctrinal trouble in 1892. "My idea of it was that Higher Criticism meant lower religion. The Bible seemed to me entirely satisfactory. The chief hindrance to the Gospel was this everlasting picking at the Bible by people who pretended to be his friends, but who themselves had never been converted."

As evangelical in tone as they were rhetorical in language, his sermons had an enormous vogue. "Dr. Talmage had absolutely no personal vanity," his widow writes. Perhaps vanity may not be the word, but at any rate he had an intense personal satisfaction in the tangible and visible results of his preaching. Ten million copies of the sermons published every week—130,000,000—had reached every Monday morning—pew rents realizing \$18,000—the figures have an obvious fascination. Even his income—about \$40,000—though it is mentioned to correct exaggerated estimates, is converted into evidence of the cash value of Dr. Talmage in the public estimation. After all it is quite legitimate pride, and as much a national as a personal folio.

With all his admiration of his country, Talmage was an unsparring critic of many features in the national life. Graft, the trusts, intemperance, he made the objects of fierce attacks. In social life his discriminations were sometimes curious. He would go as far to see a yacht race as to avoid a horse race. While he had no particular objection to prize-fighting ("seeing no reasonable cause why the law should interfere between two men who desired to pommel one another in public"), he would never be seen inside a theatre. On some modern literature he had decided views, and contemporary feminine fashions came in for an emphatic denunciation.

Throughout his life Talmage was in contact with most of the chief figures in American, and a good many in European, public life. He knew all the presidents from Lincoln ("the saddest-looking man I ever saw") to McKinley, and of all others he has received twice by the Czar in Russia. In one case by Alexander, in the other by Nicholas; of Ruskin he has to say "I am sure that Carlyle missed altogether, but carried off from Chayne Walk a unique photograph of the sage in a toothache. His red letter day was spent at Hawarden in 1880, among the stumps of the trees that its fa-

I asked him (Dr. Talmage) whether the years had strengthened or weakened his Christian faith. We were racing uphill. He stopped suddenly on the hillside and regarded me with a searching earnestness, a solemnity that made me quake. Then he spoke slowly, more seriously: "Dr. Talmage, my only hope for the world is in the bringing of the human mind into contact with divine revelation. Nearly all the men at the top in our country are believers in the Christian religion. The four leading physicians of England are devout Christian men. I myself have been in the cabinet forty-seven years, and during all that time I have been associated with sixty of

## SOME ORATORS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

[By Richard Whiteing, Author of "No. 5 John Street"]

"Les Orateurs de la Revolution." Choix de Discours. Dent, 1s net.

One cannot help exclaiming at the outset, though it hardly belongs to the subject, what a splendid shillingworth! Here is a closely packed little pocket volume with the gems of the parliamentary oratory of the French revolution, edited by Frenchmen for Frenchmen in the first place, and through the enterprise of the publishers, for Englishmen who have the happiness to "know the language." It comes out just at the right time, now that Anatole France has given us in "Les Dieux ont Soif" a sort of commentary on that world-shaking event in history from the point of view of the man in the street. It really is a sort of handbook to French eloquence, more especially as it contains not only selections from the great speeches, but also the speeches in extenso, but also appropriate biographical and critical notes.

These notes may serve to raise the eternal question as to the difference between improvisation at least in delivery, and the speech from "copy." Too many speeches are but essays read on the fly. Burke's so-called orations, thanks to his deplorable delivery, emptied the House or sent his hearers to sleep. Yet how magnificently they read! The art of arts seems to be to prepare carefully, and then rush it off as though it had just come into the mind. The only inconvenience of this process is that it involves a bath after every speech. The French seem to excel in this way. There is always a foundation of logic and consecutive thought in what they say, and at the same time they know how to say it with the furia Frances which can alone give it any value for an audience, and especially for such audiences as they had in the time of the revolution.

It is rather astonishing to learn that Mirabeau's speeches were prepared, not always by himself, sometimes by his hand, and suggested points, though all that was vital in them was afterwards added by the master. But how did he manage to give them the appearance at least of spontaneity? The preparation, Louis Blanc, who came long after him, did exactly the same thing, only he handed his in before, and it is said was found letter perfect in subsequent delivery, even for a two hours' speech. Mr. Winston Churchill prepares, though one might hardly suspect it, but I believe he

### THE CANDIDATE'S "GLAD HAND."

Woodrow Wilson's chief occupation nowadays is shaking hands with voters. He seems to enjoy it. Here's the way he looked the other day on the rear platform of his train at Marion, Indiana.



the chief intellects of the century. I can think of but five of those sixty who did not profess the Christian religion, but those five men respected it. We may talk about questions of the day here and there, but there is only one question, and that is how to apply the Gospel to all circumstances and conditions. It can and will correct all that is wrong."

Dr. Talmage writes with true American raceless. His description of the visit paid him by a reporter (to write on "A Day with Dr. Talmage") makes much better copy than his guest is likely to have turned out. Touches of the day here and there, but there is only one question, and that is how to apply the Gospel to all circumstances and conditions. It can and will correct all that is wrong."

On the whole, the autobiography is not likely to change many judgments of the Brooklyn pastor. Where it does it will make more critics into friends than friends into critics. Those who felt his preaching and his professionalized will see little reason to change their opinion, but they will be bound to agree that it was based on profound and sincere conviction.

memorizes, too, as Louis Blanc must have done.

Some of Mirabeau's happiest sallies preclude all possibility of preparation, since he could not have known what was coming. He was a good debater, as well as a good orator. The best example, and the best known, is his reply to the unfortunate Marquis de Dreux-Breze, who early in the revolution came down to the assembly with a sort of order to do as it was told. "I have heard," he said, "the intentions of the king." Mirabeau jumped up. "Yes, monsieur, we have heard the intentions that have been suggested to the king, but you cannot be his spokesman to the national assembly, you who have here neither place nor voice nor right to speak; it is not for you to remind us of his discourses. However, to avoid all misunderstanding and delay, I tell you that if you have been told to make us leave this place, you must ask for orders to employ force. Go and tell your master that we are here by the power of the people, and that we are only to be driven from here by the power of the bayonet." It was but a short speech, but it had every word needed in it, especially that quality of reason penetrated and made hot with passion which has been defined as the essential quality of oratory.

Moderate Revolutionaries.

Mirabeau was lucky in his death, shamed as it was in its attendant circumstances, for unquestionably his desire to save the king, by giving him the powers of a constitutional monarch, could have cost him his head in the long run. One few exceptions, all who are quoted here finally suffered this inconvenience in the attempt to stand before the revolution. Vergniaud was another, Danton was a third, and so on with Robespierre, Saint-Just, and Desmoulins. It is quite a curious circumstance, who lived to found a school of doctrinal philosophy. But he prudently went out of town after the victory of the Convention in the month of May. Here they are in their long procession each set of moderates being swallowed up by a set of moderates who wanted their places, and who only had to make one bid higher in violence to get them. The Girondins made a meal for the mountain, the mountain for Robespierre and his gang. Nothing more precious than to see the Girondins trying to prove that they were more "mountainous" than the mountain itself, and getting nothing by it. They were executed, almost all of them, by battalions, and where they escaped the guillotine a long list of suicides brought their dismal story to a close. It is one of the most dramatic things in history. Vergniaud, the most eloquent of them all, is best seen in his desperate fight for life. His misfortune was that Robespierre spoke last. The destined victim seems to have had a presage to his fate. "Finish," he cried, while the other was engaged in knocking nail after nail into his coffin. "Yes," cried Robespierre, "I am going to finish, and with you." The "incurable" won the day, but there soon came a time when he himself had to take the path of corruption with the guillotine for his standing point. By what a spectacle this last struggle was—the huntsmen hounding on the pack of deputies, the pack yelling for their prey! And what a stimulus to public speaking! To feel that failure meant death. The orators of the convention were literally talking for their lives. At every pause they read death or glory in the looks of their audience. Their closure was a real guillotine.

The collection might be studied as an example of the way in which the revolution devoured its own children. Here they are in their long procession each set of moderates being swallowed up by a set of moderates who wanted their places, and who only had to make one bid higher in violence to get them. The Girondins made a meal for the mountain, the mountain for Robespierre and his gang. Nothing more precious than to see the Girondins trying to prove that they were more "mountainous" than the mountain itself, and getting nothing by it. They were executed, almost all of them, by battalions, and where they escaped the guillotine a long list of suicides brought their dismal story to a close. It is one of the most dramatic things in history. Vergniaud, the most eloquent of them all, is best seen in his desperate fight for life. His misfortune was that Robespierre spoke last. The destined victim seems to have had a presage to his fate. "Finish," he cried, while the other was engaged in knocking nail after nail into his coffin. "Yes," cried Robespierre, "I am going to finish, and with you." The "incurable" won the day, but there soon came a time when he himself had to take the path of corruption with the guillotine for his standing point. By what a spectacle this last struggle was—the huntsmen hounding on the pack of deputies, the pack yelling for their prey! And what a stimulus to public speaking! To feel that failure meant death. The orators of the convention were literally talking for their lives. At every pause they read death or glory in the looks of their audience. Their closure was a real guillotine.

MILITARY SERVICE FOR GIRLS.

Professor Would Make It Compulsory in Germany.

Prof. Witzel, of Dusseldorf, advocates compulsory military service for German girls. An army of nurses should, in his opinion, follow each army of male combatants not only to care for the wounded, but to attend to everything connected with food and clothing. Every healthy German girl, says the professor, should look on training for this object as a patriotic duty, and the knowledge acquired will be useful in the home if it is not utilized on the battlefield.

## The Origin of Life

[Alfred Noyes, in London Daily Mail.] In the beginning slowly groped we back Along the narrowing track, Back to the deserts of the world's pale prime—

The mire, the clay, the slime, And then, what then? Surely to something less; Back—back to nothingness!

You dare not halt upon that dwindling way, There is no gulf to stay Your footsteps to the last. Go back you must Far, far below the dust, Descend, descend grade by dissolving grade; We follow unafraid.

Dissolve, dissolve this moving world of men Into thin air, and then, O pioneers, O warriors of the light, In that abyssal night Will you have courage then to rise and tell Earth of this miracle?

Will you have courage then to bow the head And say, when all is said: "Out of nothingness arose our thought, This blank, abyssal night Woke and brought forth that lighted city street, Those towers, that armored fleet?"

When you have seen those vacant primal skies Beyond the centuries; Watched the pale mists across their darkness flow As in a lantern show, Weaving by merest "chance" out of thin air Pageants of praise and prayer.

Watched the great hills like clouds arise And set, And one named Olivet; When you have seen as a shadow passing away, One child clasp hands and pray; When you have seen emerge from that eddied sea One martyr ringed with fire;

Or from that nothingness, by special grace, One woman's love-lit face— Will you have courage then to front that law From which our sophists draw Their only right to flout a human creed, That nothing can proceed, Not even thought, not even love, from less Than its own nothingness?

The law is yours, but dare you waive your pride And kneel where you denie? The law is yours; dare you rekindle, One faith, for faithless men And say you found, on that dark road you tread, In the beginning—God?

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The Oven is the heart of a range. Its efficiency depends largely on construction of Fire-box and Flues, but—certain scientific principles must be carried out in making the Oven to insure success.

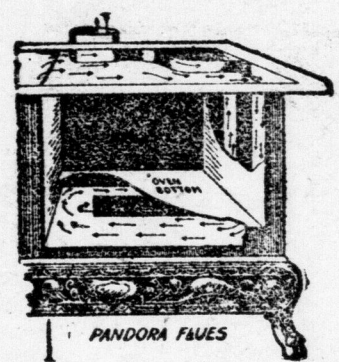


Illustration No. 1.

Illustration No. 1 shows the exact course followed by the drafts in "PANDORA" range—you see the heat passes directly under every pot-hole and around the Oven twice before reaching smoke pipe.

The Flues are deep and wide—corners are rounded—they are easily cleaned and there is nothing to impede the draft. A glance at McClary Flue construction will convince you that the "PANDORA" range is a perfect baker and cooker at the same time. The heat envelops the Oven uniformly—bread is evenly baked in the "PANDORA."

Illustration No. 2 shows the McClary system of Oven Ventilation very plainly. As you know, air close to the body of a range is fresh and comparatively warm. This fresh, warm air is drawn into Oven through small holes—the intense warmth super-heating and diffusing it throughout the Oven. Then it escapes with cooking fumes through vent holes shown in back of Oven

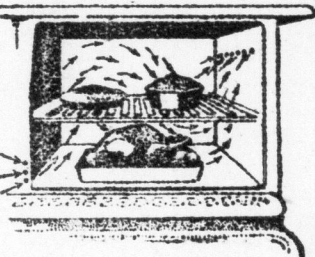


Illustration No. 2.

The ventilation of "PANDORA" Oven is simple, yet scientific, and—the results are apparent. A roast can be cooked just the way you like it—cooked so that it retains all its generous and nourishing juices and—bread, puddings, etc., are baked light, crisp, and fresh in the "PANDORA" Oven. The linings of the "PANDORA" Oven are of nickelled steel one-eighth of an inch thick and as smooth as glass—so the Oven is easily kept clean—easier heated and more durable.

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The First Quakers  
In United States  
[Rev. T. B. Gregory in New York American.]

The first Quakers to set foot upon the shores of this country arrived at Newport, R. I., in the ship Woodhouse, the "Mayflower" of the Friends, two hundred and fifty-five years ago August 3, 1657.

The coming of the Quakers was a mighty good thing for this country, although for a time, at least, it was a mighty bad thing for the Quakers. They met with most ungracious reception. The original "savages" could not possibly receive them with a more ferocious front than was presented to them by the Massachusetts "Christians" who had come over to the New World to escape persecution in the Old World.

At Newport the sixteen Quakers who had come over in the Woodhouse encountered no difficulty. The spirit of Roger Williams prevailed there, and in line with that spirit every man was granted the liberty of entertaining his own religious views without interference from the civil magistrates. But it was different in Massachusetts; and when the Quakers went to Boston they were fined, whipped, imprisoned and finally sent out of the colony. Four of them were put to death.

Endicott and his Puritans, furious as so many Mohawk Indians were at their worst, flamed against the innocent Quakers as though they were so many criminals of the deepest dye, and later on, Pennsylvania gained.

Driven from the Bay State the Quakers, reinforced by others who came over not long after, sought in the wilderness of Pennsylvania, and among the red men there, the asylum which had been denied them by the Christians of New England.

In the Keystone State, under their great leader, Penn, the Quakers founded the Commonwealth which is today the second State in the Union, and it was the fairest portions of our great country.

Under Penn's wise, just and humane policy the Indians were made to feel that the white man was their friend, and it goes without saying that there would have been no Indian wars had the other settlers treated the red men as they were treated by Penn and his Quakers.

It is hardly necessary to say that the influence of the Quakers in America has been large and always of the right sort.

Franklin, Nathaniel Greene, Stephen Hopkins and many others that might be mentioned were Quakers.

The first schools south of New England were established by Quakers and the general civilizing work done by them was immense.

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